

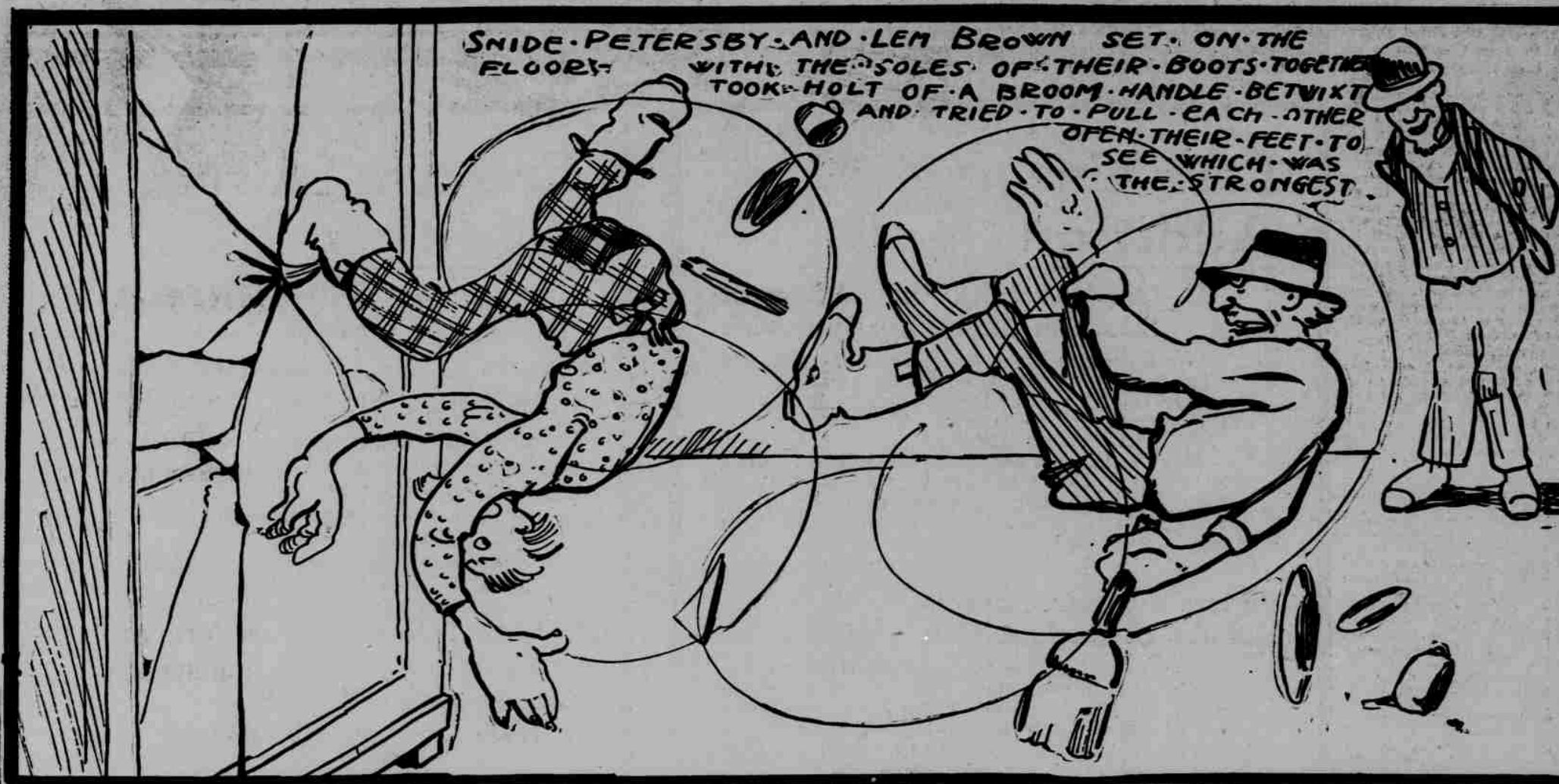
ADVERTISE IN THE BUGLE
Have you got anything to sell or swap? Do you want to buy anything? THEN TRY A AD WITH US. Biggest and only newspaper in this end of the Co.
Advertising rates furnished with great cheer. Circulation books open to nobuddy. YOU'LL HAFT TO TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT

BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWKIRE

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DON'T BE A TIDEWAD !!
Pay up your back subscription to the Bugle & thus fill a long-felt want on our part. We Can't Run a First Class Newspaper on Hot Air and Cold Potatoes.
P. S.—If we are not in leave the money with our wife next door.



HEZ ANDREWS CRACKED HIS UPPER SET CLEAN ACROSS WHEN HE TRIED TO BITE A PIECE OF MRS. HEZ'S FRUIT CAKE

AB WOOD IS GOT PLUMBAGO IN HIS BACK, LIETING STONES TO BILD FENCE WITH



THE BINGVILLE BUGLE
The Leading Paper of the County
Bright, Breezy, Bollicose, Busting

How doth the busy little bee improve each shining hour—By gathering honey all the day from every opening flower.
The cheapest advertising medium in the county. If you believe in advertising, come and see us. For further information call on or address the editor.

EDDYTORIAL ON CIRCULATION FACTS & FIGGERS

We desire to say a few words in this connection concerning the present circulation of the Bingville Bugle. At present our circulation aint what it ort to be, which is why we persoom to discuss it in this column. We have held off saying ennythink about the circulation of the Bugle in the hope that it would improve as time went by, but being as we aint noticed enny partickler improvement in this respect, but on the contrary have noticed that we have lost several subscribers of late, we make bold to call your attention to this ridiculous state of affairs.

If folks in Bingville desire to have a live up to date newswspaper in their midst they'll haft to come to its rescue, that's all. If you want a home paper you'll haft to support it. We have reached the stage of desperashon & financial stringency where we don't perspire & waste our brains & our energies unless we can get sufficient subscribers to inshure us three meals per day and enuff clothes to cover our back with.

What the Boogie is suffering from at the present writing is general debility and poor circulation. It is suffering becuz more of our subscribers don't come forrerd like men and wimmen (as the case may be) and pay us somethink on their back subscriptions. If you think we be a going to send your paper right along to you wk after wk without receiving ennythink in return for same, youre considerable mistook and you'll find it out before your menny wks older unless you come to the Bugle office and drop some cash into the dough dish. We aint the editor & prop. & genl mgr & offis boy & foreman & adgl solicitor & printer & general delivery of the Bugles to the P. O. jest simply for our heath. Unless we can make a honest living outen the Bugle then we'll go outen the newspaper bizness & go into somethink more remoonerative, so to speak.

We have had a talk with Ame Hillyer, our talented lawyer, legal light, J. of the P., notary public, et cetery about this matter, and Ame has agreed to take charge of our side of the case for us on a commission basis to collect back

subscriptions to the Bugle. How would you like to be hounded to deth by Ame, hey? How would you like to have us print your name in big type in the Bugle and holler out to the world as it were jest what a low down dead beet of a skalowag subscriber you be? Then if you dont want this did to you, settle up at onct! Otherwise the law must take its course.

Personal Squibs

The roads herabouts is almost dried up in spots and then there is other spots where the mud is hub deep & wont be dried up until June, we calculate.

Last Friday it was almost warm enough outside to set down on the grass without ketching a cold in your head or chest.

Miss Molly Tucker has been taking boneset tea for a spring tonic. Molly says she thinks it has helped her but she dunno as she rather feel better or feel worse and not haft to take the tea its that awful tasting.

Widow Henderson informs us that only six outen a setting of 13 eggs which she set under one hen hatched out into chicks. Tother seven diddent hatch out into nothing and the widow is a good eal put out about it too. She says if she had of knowd beforehand that them seven eggs wouldnt of hatched she would of et em and got some nourishment outen em, whereas now she cant even do that.

Simon Cooper, while repairing his hen house tother day with a hammer & nails, hit a nail a awful wallop but it was his thumb nail. Sime was so mad that he throwd the hammer through the hen house winder, smashing 2 lights of glass, and altho a church going man, Sime let loose and swore a streak.

Doc Livermore has been off his feed for the past wk, and might almost be called on the sick list. It seems ridiculous that Doc, who pertends to cure other folks, should be sick himself and he has had a good eal of fun poked at him on this acct. It bores Doc considerable to be sick and him a doctor, too.

Cy Hoskins, whilst shaving himself Sunday morning, heard his old gray mare kickin in the stable and run out with his face covered with lather to see what was wrong but there wasnt ennythink wrong except the old mare was jest full of devilishness. By the time Cy got back to the house and went to shave in agin, he was so outen breth and nervous that the razor sliped and he cut himself and then he said things which didnt come very well from Cy, who is a member in good standing of the Bingville church. Cy didnt go to church—he said he wasnt in no spiritchool condishion to attend to divine worship after cuttin his chin.

These is all the "Lokal Squibs" which happens to occur to us at the present writing. Praps we'll think of some more before we go to press—if so we'll add em on to these above.

Country Correspondence

SNAKE BEND
Things is very quiet at the Bend this wk.

Ab Wood is got plumbago in his back lifting stones to bild a fence with.

Miss Phronicia Hunt Sundayed with her aunt at Sorrow Hollow last Saturday.

Sam Henderson filed his saw last wk and his wife says her teeth has been on edge ever sinct.

Pluto Swicker went to Hardscrabble and had a hair cut recent. When he returned folks thort he was a stranger passing through our midst until he made himself knowd it changed his appearance so.

Henry Allman's old red cow give birth to a red calf last wk. Henry says hea glad of it being as hea sick and tired of drinkin his coffee black.

These is all the items we can think of at present. More a non SCRIBBLER.

Axident!

Lem Brown & Snide Petersby Tried to See Whitch One Was the Strongest but They Didn't Find Out & Now They're Bad Friends!—Nobuddy Hurt!

Tother evg down to Hen Weathersby's store, Snide Petersby got to tellin about a big stone he had lugged that day whilst bilding a stone fence. Snide said he calculate the stone weighed 400 lbs if it weighed a ounce and yet he picked it right up, set it on his shoulder and lugged it 15 rods across the field without settin it down.

Then Lem Brown, who was present, said that was nothink, being as he had onct carried a stone which weighed nearly half a ton for over a mile. Well, one word brung on another, until Snide and Lem got considerable het up as to who was the strongest, and Jabe Homans spoke up and askt why they diddent settle it right there & then by a test of main strength. Jabe said if they'd both set down flat on the store floor facin each other with the soles of their boots together and take holt with their hands of a broom handle betwixt em, whichever one pulled tother one upon his feet was strongest.

Snide said he was powerful tired, being as he had worked hard all day and Lem said he had a crick in his back and would prefer to put off the pullin contest to some futhure time, but the rest of the fellers present jeered em and egged em on until they both got riled up and consented to pull.

Hen Weathersby, prop of the store, got out a new broom with a good strong handle to pull on, and then Snide and Lem jerked off their coats, spit on their hands and set down on the floor glarin at each other like a couple of old tomcats.

Then they tuk holt of the broom, each with both hands, and Snide says, "Wall, be you ready?" "Yes," snaps back Lem, "I be jest ex ready ex you be!" "All-right," says Snide, "then look out becuz I be agoin tew pull the daylight outen ye—ding-bust ye!" "Wait a minnit!" hollers Lem, "I seem to be settin on somethin." Lem then got up and discovered that he had been settin on his jack-knife which he allus carries in his hip pocket. Lem put the knife into a other pocket, then the two set down agin and tuk holt as before. It was agreed that Jabe Homans should be the judge as to which was the strongest and that they should begin to pull when Jabe hollerd, "Go it!"

Well, when all was ready Jabe hollerd, "Go it!" and Snide and Lem begin to pull against each other fit to bust their selves. Their eyes bugged out like beetles' eyes and they grunted and groaned and panted like everything. All to onct there was a tearin sound and Lem hollers, "Wait a minnit—I've tore my pants or somethink!" Then Lem pants, "So be it then—you dog-blame weaklin!" And then they pulled harders ever.

It was nip and tuk betwixt em. Past Lem would hev Snide pulled a foot up offen the floor, then Snide would hev Lem vice versa. All to onct when Snide had pulled Lem praps two feet offen the floor, the broom stick broke!

Lem set back down on the floor with a terrible dolt sickening thud, which shuk the whole store and rattled the glass ware on the sheifs. As for Snide, he went head over heels backwards, turning clean over and jasmmin one foot

through the show case and renching his neck considerable.

Lem jumped to his feet and shuk his fist in Snide's face. "Wot made you break that broomstick—you done it a purpose!" hollers Lem. "I didnt nuth'er," says Snide, "you was jest ez much to blame ez I wuz!" Snide and Lem stood there gaspin for breth and callin each other all the names they could think of. Finally Hen speaks up and says, "You fellers'll haft to go outside ef you want to fite, but before you go you'll settle for breakin my show case and fer breakin a brand new broom!" Hen was maddern a wet Hen.

Snide and Lem said they wouldnt pay for the broom or show case. Then Hen told em alright, he'd take it outen their skins by showin em that he was strong-ern both of em together and to prepare fer a dog-goned good lickin! Then Snide and Lem divided the cost of the broom whilst Snide paid for breakin the show case hisself.

Snide and Lem both wanted to know of Jabe who won, and when Jabe told em it was a tie they both started off home in deep disgust. Sinct this happened Snide and Lem aint spoke to each other and we persoom there will be bad blood betwixt em for some time to come.

Lokal Broofs

Harve Hines, our tonsorial barber, says that the spring rush in his line is about over, being as most of his customers who are going to do so have already had their whiskers shaved off and their hair trimmed as they do every spring. Harve says hea glad the rush is over, being as now he'll get time to rest & recuperate and pracktise on his guitar.

Mrs. Hez Anderson set out the last of a fruit cake on the table tother evg at supper which she baked last Xmas. Hez went to take a bite of same and cracked his upper set clean across. Hez says when he tried to bite it he thort to goodness it was a peeces of sandstone it was that hard and petrified. Hez says he calculate that purty expensive fruit cake when it'll cost him a new set of teeth.

We desire to call the attention of the town selectmen to the fact that some Bingville folks is dumping their rubbish into the town well on the public sq. The town well is a very convenient place to dump rubbish into we admit, but how does it make the water taste we ask?

Mrs. Bale Hawkins, while singeing a chicken with some newspaper she set on fire for last Sunday's dinner, had her apron to ketch fire from the flames and Mrs. Bale was so flustered that she throwd the chicken outen the kitchen door to jerk off her apron and distinguish the flames after she had did which she went to look for the chicken to find that "Towse" the dog had grabbed it and made off. Mrs. Bale was awful put out & cross. Bale says there was no livin with her for a day or so.

Notice to Wes

The Bingville Board of Health desires us to notify Wes Woodruff, our expert hunter & trapper, through the medium of the Bugle, that unless Wes forthwith & immeidt dont sell, give away, barter, or otherwise convey them three skunk skins which has been hangin up against his woodshed ever sinct he trapped said skunks and skunk same last winter, the B. of H. will take criminal akshion against him for being a publick noosance.

It was allright last winter when everything was froze up, but sinct warm wether has came, them three pelts has begin to sort of meller & ripen up, as it were, and on days when the wind blows across town, folks is obliged to put down their winders or take the consequences. Let Wes govern hisself according.

Rags! Rags!

I've got my loom all oiled up and am all ready to make rag carpets. Anybody having rags to sell or give away ort to see me, for how can I make rag carpets without rags. Answer—I cant. If you have enny rags let me know and praps we can come to terms.

MRS. BIGE SIMMS,
RAGGIST & CARPET MAKER.
Bingville.

HOW ABOUT OX BRADS SAY?

how are you off for ox brads this spring, hey? Now that the weather has opened up you'll be doing more or less halling with your yoke of oxes. Now you know as well as I do that oxes is lazy moovin critters and if you don't happen to have a ox brad it is a turrible chore to get anywhere with em. What oxes need is a prod with a ox brad now and then to scutch em up and let know who's boss. Otherwise the lazy, loafin critters is liable to go to sleep on their feet.

During the past winter when I was shet in the house by stormy wether I set by the fire day after day and made ox brads, until now I have more ox brads on my hands than there is oxes in Bingville & surrounding country. For this reason I am going to offer these ox brads to whoever needs ox brads. These brads is all made outen seasoned hickory and scraped with a peeces of glass until they be smooth es can be. Not only that, but there sharper at one end than the pint of a needle.

I offer these brads to you at the ridiculous price of 25 cts per each apiece, whereas they're worth a doller if they're worth a cent. Here is a chanst to get a ox brad cheap—a opportunity that may never come to you agin.

First come, first pick. It
SIMON KINSEY,
Bingville. Ox Bradder.